

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT. LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND., APRIL 24, 1856.

NO. 24.

## Business Directory.

Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inserted under this head, at \$1 per annum.  
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## Marshall County Democrat

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Mink and Coon skins, and Deer hides at  
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## Selected Poetry.

### THE YANKEE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,  
And as poor as Job's turkey, by golly!  
I stand like a scare-crow alone—  
Sad victim of love's melancholy!

I feel most confoundedly blue,  
Life's rose is turned into thistle;  
My sweetheart has turned out untrue,  
And fooled me as slick as a whistle.

Though lively and keen as a rat,  
And lively as any young kitten;  
She has got the sharp claws of a cat,  
And has showed 'em to me thro' the mitten.

Of our village girls she is the belle—  
As plump as a partridge she grows—  
Her lips for two cherries would sell—  
Her cheeks are as red as a rose.

Like two bean new dollars her eyes—  
Her figure is neater than wax—  
In beauty, with Venus she vies—  
Her hair—its is finer than flax!

I courted her day after day,  
Expecting a wedding to follow;  
Alas! for my love thrown away—  
Her heart like a pumpkin was hollow!

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,  
And as poor as Job's turkey, by golly!  
I stand like a scare-crow alone,  
A victim of love's melancholy!

### LOVE AND DUCKS.

Oh, I seen her out a walking  
In her habit de la rue,  
And I had no use a talking,  
But she's a pumpkin and a few.

She slides along in beauty  
Like a duck upon a lake,  
And I'd be all love and duty  
If I only were her drake.

Oh her glances are like rockets,  
And her voice has such a ring!  
It's like eagles in your pockets  
Just to hear her lady sing.

And when I sit beside her,  
It seems as if in rainbows,  
O'er bridges of mince-pies,  
And on wings of sky-blue glory,  
I felt my spirit rise!

(From Putnam's Monthly Magazine.)

### THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

A DIVER'S TALE.

The life of one who explores the myster-  
ies of the sea, is not more perilous than fasci-  
nating. The charm of terror hangs  
around it, and the interminable succession  
of exciting events renders it dear to its profes-  
sor. Not to the common diver of the East,  
who can remain but for a fraction of  
time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully  
among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the  
adventurer in the civilized mode of diving, who,  
in his protective armor, may remain sub-  
merged for hours, and wander, with im-  
punity, for miles along those unknown re-  
gions far below the sea. To him are laid  
open the horrors of the watery crea-  
tion, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Ara-  
bian story tells us were presented to the  
fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most  
thrilling occurrences seem frivolous; for,  
in his memory, he retains thoughts that  
may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and  
I am proud of my profession. Where is  
such courage required as is needed here?  
It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver how-  
ever—but I forbear. I will tell my story,  
and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not  
long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast  
of Newfoundland. The tidings of this cala-  
mity reached the ears of thousands; but,  
amid the crowd of accidents which follow-  
ed in quick succession, it was soon forgot-  
ten. Not by us, however. We found that  
the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the  
water's depth was by no means great,  
and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion,  
and had been seen going suddenly down,  
without an instant's warning, by some fish-  
ermen nearby she had, undoubtedly, struck  
a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one  
moment destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and  
they approved it. No time was lost in  
making the necessary preparations, and a  
short time beheld us embarked in our small  
schooner for the sunken ship. There were  
six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary  
success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured  
upon any exploit in which there was un-  
common danger. Not that the others were  
cowards; on the contrary, they were all  
brave men, but I was gifted with a cool-  
ness and a presence of mind of which the  
others were destitute. As two persons  
were needed, in order to explore the Mar-  
mion, I had selected as my companion a  
young fellow, whose steadiness and daunt-  
less courage had several times before been  
fairly tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the  
southern and eastern horizon looked de-  
ceitful. Small capricious clouds were gather-

ed there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fel-  
lows, regular hang-dog fellows," as my  
comrade, Rimmer, remarked to me. Never-  
theless, we were not to be put off by a lit-  
tle cloudiness in the sky, but boldly pre-  
pared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige  
of a ship's mast remained above the sur-  
face, to point out the resting place of the  
Marmion. We were compelled, therefore,  
to select the scene of operations according  
to the best of our ability. Down went the  
sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I  
put on our diving armor. We fixed on our  
helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose.  
One by one each clumsy article was adjust-  
ed. The weights were hung, and we were  
ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said  
Rimmer to me.

"Oh," I replied gaily, "it's only a little  
mist—all right!"

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation,  
which sounded hollow from his cavernous  
helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice,  
which they, however, could not easily dis-  
tinguish. Then making a proper sign, I  
was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer  
close behind me. It did not take a long  
time for us to reach the bottom. We found  
ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain,  
sloping downward, toward the south, and  
rising slightly, toward the north. Looking  
forward then, a dim, black object arose,  
which our experienced eyes knew to be a  
lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should  
proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sen-  
sation felt by one who first walks the bot-  
tom of the sea.

There are a thousand objects fitted to ex-  
cite astonishment, even in the mind of him  
who has dared the deed a hundred times.  
All around us lay the plain, covered by wa-  
ter; but here the eye can not pierce far  
away, as in the upper air, for the water, in  
the distance, grew opaque, had seemed to  
fade away into misty darkness. There was  
no sound except the incessant gurgle  
which was produced by the escape of air  
from the breast valve, and the splash caused  
by our passage through the waters. We  
walked on at a good pace; for this armor,  
which seems so clumsy up above, is excel-  
lent below, and offers little inconvenience  
to the practiced wearer.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fish-  
es of every shape and size met our eyes,  
no matter where they turned. They swam  
swiftly by us; they sported in the water  
above us; they raced and chased one an-  
other in every direction. Here a shoal of por-  
poises tumbled along in clumsy gambols,  
there a grampus might be seen rising slow-  
ly to the surface; here an immense number  
of smaller fish flashed past us, there some  
huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated  
in the water lazily. Sometimes three or  
four placed themselves directly before us,  
staring at us, and solemnly working their  
gills. There they would remain till we came  
close up to them, and then, with a start,  
they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward,  
along the bottom of the sea, while above us,  
like a black cloud in the sky, we could see  
our boat slowly moving onward upon the  
surface of the water. And now, not more  
than a hundred yards before us, we could  
see the towering form of that ebony rock  
which had at first greeted our eyes from  
afar. As yet, we could not be certain that  
this was the place where the Marmion had  
struck. But soon a round, black object be-  
came discernable, as we glanced at the  
rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I  
signed assent, and we moved onward more  
quickly.

A few moments elapsed; we had come  
nearer to the rock. The black object now  
looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull  
lay there.

Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and  
pointed upward. Following the direction of  
his hand, I looked up, and saw the surface  
of the water all foamy and in motion. There  
was a momentary thrill through my heart,  
but it passed over. We were in a dan-  
gerous condition. A storm was coming  
on!

But should we turn back now, when we  
were so near the object of our search?—  
already it lay before us. We were close  
beside it. No, I would not. I signified to  
Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept  
our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black,  
rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn  
down by the action of the water, and in  
some places were covered by marine plants  
and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed  
onward, we clambered over a spur, which  
jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion—there she lay upright,  
with everything still standing. She had  
gone right down, and had settled in such  
a position, among the rocks, that she stood

upright here, just as though she lay at her  
wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clamber-  
ed up her side. There was a low moan  
in the water, which sounded warningly in  
our ears, and told of a swift approaching  
danger. What was to be done, must be  
done speedily. We hurried forward. Rim-  
mer rushed to the cabin. I went forward,  
to descend into the hold. I descended the  
ladder. I walked into the engineer's room.  
All was empty here, all was water. The  
waves of the ocean had entered, and were  
sporting with the works of man. I went  
into the freight-room. Suddenly I was  
startled by an appalling noise upon the deck.  
The heavy footsteps of some one running  
as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful  
haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart  
throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing  
to hear, far down in the silent depths of the  
ocean.

"Pshaw! it's only Rimmer."  
I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first  
outlet that appeared. When I speak of hur-  
ry, I speak of the quickest movement pos-  
sible when encumbered with so much armor.  
But this movement of mine was quick;  
I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the  
deck.

It was Rimmer!  
He stepped forward and clutched my arm.  
He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and  
pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold  
me back. He pointed to the boat, and im-  
plored me, with frantic gestures, to go  
up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-  
struck soul trying to express itself by signs.  
It is awful to see these signs when no face  
is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I  
could not see his face plainly, but his eyes,  
through his heavy mask, glowed like coals  
of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from  
him. He clasped his hands together, but  
dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful  
thing is here? What scene can be so dread-  
ful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced  
diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin  
door. I entered the forward saloon, but  
saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came  
to me. Rimmer shall not come with me  
again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck.

Down in the depths of the sea there is on-  
ly silence—oh, how solemn! I passed the  
long saloon which had echoed with the  
shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah!  
there are thoughts which sometimes fill  
the soul, which are only felt by those to  
whom scenes of sublimity are familiar.—  
Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin  
and entered—

Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clutched the door with  
a grasp which mortal terror had made con-  
vulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I  
stood nailed to the spot. For there before  
me stood a crowd of people—men and wo-  
men—caught in the last death struggle by  
the overwhelming waters, and fastened to  
the spot, each in the position in which  
death had found him. Each one had sprung  
from his chair at the shock of the sinking  
ship, and with one common emotion, all  
had started for the door. But the waters  
of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo!  
then—some wildly grasping the table, oth-  
ers the beams, others the sides of the cab-  
in—there they all stood. Near the door was  
a crowd of people, heaped upon one an-  
other—some on the floor, others rushing over  
them—all seeking, madly, to gain the out-  
let. There was one who sought to clamber  
over the table, and still was there, clam-  
bering on to iron post. So strong was each  
convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of  
each with death, that their hold had not yet  
been relaxed; but each one stood and look-  
ed frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me,  
they were looking! They were glancing at  
me all those dreadful, those terrible eyes!  
Eyes in which the fire of life had been dis-  
placed by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes  
which still glared, like the eyes of the ma-  
rine, with no expression. They froze me  
with their cold and icy stare. They had  
no meaning, for the soul had gone. And  
this made it still more horrible than it could  
have been in life; for the appalling tortures  
of their faces, expressing fear, horror,  
despair, and whatever else the human soul  
may feel, contrasting with the cold and  
glassy eyes, made their vacancy more fear-  
ful. He upon the table seemed more fend-  
ish than the others, for his long, black hair  
was disheveled, and floated horribly down;  
and his beard and mustache, all loosened  
by the water, gave him the grimness of a  
demon. Oh, what woe and to-ture! what  
unutterable agonies appeared in the des-  
pairing glance of those faces—faces twisted  
into spasmodic contortions, while the souls  
that lighted them were writhing and strug-  
gling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which,  
even when we touched the steamer, had  
slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths

the swell would not be very strong, unless  
it should increase with ten-fold fury above.  
But it had been increasing, though I had  
not noticed it, and the motion of the water  
began to be felt in these abysses. Sudden-  
ly the steamer was shaken and rocked by  
the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken  
and fell. The heaps of people rolled asun-  
der. That demon on the table seemed to  
make a spring directly towards me. I fled,  
shrieking—all were after me I thought.—  
I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape.  
I sought to throw off my weights and rise.  
My weights could not be loosened; I pull-  
ed at them with frantic exertions, but could  
not loosen them. The iron fastenings had  
grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in  
my convulsive efforts, but the other kept  
me down. The tube, also, was lying down  
still in my passage-way through the ma-  
chine rooms. I did not know this until I  
had exhausted my strength, and almost  
my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight  
and still the horror of that scene in the  
cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flash-  
ed across me. He was not here. He had  
receded. Two weights lay near, which  
seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes,  
Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay  
the boat, tossing and rolling among the  
waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room,  
to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had  
gone through passages carelessly, and this  
lay there, for it was unrolled from above as  
I went on. I went back in haste to extri-  
cate myself; I could stay here no longer;  
for if all the gold of Golconda was in the  
vessel, I would not stay in company with  
the dreadful deed!

Back—far lent wings to my feet. Thrur-  
ied down the stairs, into the lower hold  
once more, and retraced my steps through  
the passages below. I walked back to the  
place into which I had first descended. It  
was dark; a new feeling of horror shot  
through me; I looked up. The aperture  
was closed!

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand?  
Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly  
thrown down the trap-door, which I now  
remembered to have seen open when I de-  
scended? or had some fearful being from the  
cabin—that demon who sprung towards me—?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I  
must escape from this den of horrors. I  
sprang up the ladder and tried to raise the  
door. It resisted my efforts; I put my  
helmeted head against it, and tried to raise  
it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath  
me, but the door was not raised; my tube  
came down through it and kept it partly  
open, for it was a strong tube, and kept  
strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron and tried to pry it  
up; I raised it slightly, but there was no  
way to get it up further. I looked around  
and found some blocks; with these I raised  
the heavy door, little by little, placing a  
block in to keep what I had gained. But  
the work was slow and laborious, and I raised  
a long while before I had it raised four  
inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The sub-  
merged vessel felt its power, and rocked.  
Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its  
side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to  
try and lift up the door. But when I came  
to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible;  
for the tube would not permit me to go so  
far, and then I would rather have died a  
thousand deaths than have ventured again  
so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down  
in despair and waited for death. I saw no  
hope of escape. This, then, was to be my  
end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch,  
again acted upon by the power of the  
waves. She had been balanced upon a  
rock, in such a manner that a slight ac-  
tion of the water was sufficient to tip her  
over.

She creaked, groaned, and labored, and  
then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed  
the trap-door open, while the steamer lay  
with her deck perpendicular to the ground.  
I sprang out and touched the bottom of the  
sea. It was in good time; for a moment af-  
ter the mass went over back again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the  
iron fastening of the weight which kept me  
down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke,  
it fell. In a moment I began to ascend,  
and in a few minutes I was floating on the  
water—for the air which is pressed down  
by the diver's consumption constitutes a  
buoyant mass, which raises him up from  
the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong  
boat with my brave men! They felt me  
rising; they saw me, and came and saved  
me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene  
when I entered the cabin, but remained in  
the boat to lend his aid. He never went

down again, but became a sea captain. As  
for me, I still go down, but only to vessels  
whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was  
never again visited.

### A Wife in Ecstasies and a Husband in Fidgets.

The deed is accomplished. My wife  
has got a piano, "and now farewell the  
tranquil mind—farewell fun and the even-  
ing papers, and the big cigars that make  
ambition virtue—oh, farewell!—and oh, ye  
mortal engines, whose rude throats the im-  
mortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,"  
but stop, I can't bid them farewell, for one  
of them has just arrived. It came on a  
dray. Six men carried it into the par-  
lor, and it grunted awfully. It weighed a  
ton, shines like a mirror, and has carved  
Cupids climbing up its limbs. And such  
lungs—whew!

My wife has commenced to practice, and  
the first time she touched the machine, I  
thought we were in the midst of a thun-  
der storm and the lightning had struck the  
crockery chests. The cat with tail erect,  
took a bee-line for a particular friend upon  
the back fence, demolishing a six-shilling  
pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the  
little fellow tried his best to beat the instru-  
ment, but he did n't do it. It beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the  
house. He says he is the last of Napo-  
leon's grand army. He wears a large mus-  
tache, looks fiercely, smells of garlic,  
and goes by the name of Count Run-away-  
and-never-come-back-again-by. He played  
an extract de opera the other night. He  
run his fingers through his hair twice,  
then grinned, then he cocked his eyes up  
at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies,  
then down came one of his fingers, and I  
heard a delightful sound, similar to that  
produced by a cockroach dancing on the  
tenor string of a fiddle. Down came an-  
other finger, and I was reminded of the  
wind whistling through a knot-hole in a  
hen coop. He touched his thumb, and I  
thought I was in an orchard listening to  
the distant braying of a jackass. Now he  
ran his fingers along the keys, and I tho't  
of a boy rattling a stick along a picket  
fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I  
thought something had happened. Then  
down came both fists, and oh, Lord! such  
a noise was never heard before. I thought  
a hurricane had struck the house and the  
walls were caving in. I imagined I was  
in the cellar, and a ton of coal falling up-  
on my head. I thought the machine had  
burst, when the infernal noise stopped, and  
I heard my wife ejaculate, "Exquisite!"

"What the deuce is the matter?" The  
answer was, "Why, dear, that's La Son-  
nambula!" "D— La Sonnambula!"  
thought I; and the Count rolled up his  
sheet of paper. He calls it music; but  
for the life of me I can't make it look like  
anything else than a post-and-rail fence  
with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing  
over it.

Before that instrument came into the  
house, I could enjoy myself, but now ev-  
ery woman in the neighborhood must be  
invited to hear the new piano, and every  
time the blasted thing shrieks out like a  
locomotive with the bronchitis. I have to  
praise its tones, and when the invited  
guests are playing I have to say "Exquisi-  
te, Delightful, Heavenly!" and all such  
trash, while, at the same time I know just  
as much about music as a blind codfish.

There are more tuning hammers than  
comforts in our house—and I wish the  
inventor of the piano was troubled with a  
perpetual nightmare and obliged to sleep  
in one of his instruments all his life. As  
for myself I had rather put my head un-  
der